

# The Tell-Me-A-Story-Lady



SOMETIMES in real life a little girl becomes a queen, just as the little girls in fairy stories do. She isn't always a queen, with a big chair for a throne and a kingdom laid out definitely on geographical lines. Her power is sometimes greater and more widespread than that of the other kind of queen.

One of the greatest queens in the history of the world was Adelina Patti. Her kingdom was the kingdom of song and it extended around the world. Some of the most interesting stories about her happened when she was a little girl. From the beginning she was the crown princess of song, and she became queen when she was still very young.

Both of Adelina Patti's parents were opera singers. Her father came from Sicily and her mother from Rome. The little singer who was to astonish and win the admiration of the world was born in Madrid, Spain, where her father and mother were singing in 1843.

There were three sisters and four brothers older than Adelina. All of them could sing and play musical instruments, and the dark-eyed, winsome baby started life in the very midst of song. The first two

years of her life the family lived in Milan, but it was the New World, America, where she was to win her place as the greatest singer of her time.

Signor Patti brought his family to the United States in 1845. A few years later they were singing at the Astor Place Opera House here in New York. On the nights when her mother was singing the little black-haired girl, then four years old, was not left at home in bed, but was taken to the opera to hear her mother sing. Adelina Patti learned songs almost before she could talk. While other little girls were working at their A B C's she was listening to her father, her mother, her sisters and her brothers warble and trill and practice their music at home.

Perhaps you would like to know who her brothers and sisters were. There was Ettore, the oldest of the brothers, a grown-up young barytone; Antonio had a deep bass voice, and Nicolò a basso cantante; Clotilde, the oldest sister, was singing in public before the family came to America; Amalia became a favorite with American audiences when

very young; Carlotta had a high soprano voice. So, you see, the house was full of singing and music lessons all the time.

One story is told of Adelina when she was five or six years old. She was listening to her sister Amalia, who was practicing two notes up and down very slowly to try to make an even trill.

"Why do you do it like that?" demanded the little sister. "Why don't you trill this way?" and thereupon the tiny girl did with perfect ease the vocal "stunt" for which most singers study and practice years.

When Adelina Patti was seven years old the family was having rather a hard time. Things had not been going so well and the father was worried about the future family fortunes. One day the family was gathered around, singing as usual, when some one thought it would be interesting to see whether the little girl could sing a whole piece through. To see her better, she was tiny even for her age, some one lifted her onto a table.

Then she began to sing. She was not frightened. She liked to sing. And imagine their wonder and joy

when the little lady sang without a mistake or flaw one of the most difficult songs of those she had heard her mother sing in opera. The father and mother almost wept for joy and brothers and sisters were amazed. The baby of the family was the greatest of them all.

Sometimes little girls play games of "dressing up." Although she was very wonderful as a singer, little Adelina was much like other little girls. The evenings at the opera gave her wonderful things to pretend about. At home she would dress up with an old cloak of her father's which had a red lining and an old hat with feathers which had been her mother's, and play over the things she had seen at the opera. She would pretend there were lots of people clapping their hands and throwing flowers to her. The flowers she made herself out of cut-up newspapers.

Her parents and friends who heard her sing that first time when she stood on the table knew that she was unusual.

A short time afterward it was decided to present the child singer to concert audiences. The first concert was in Baltimore, and after it was over every one knew that the little singer had only started on what was to be one of the greatest careers of the ages. It was in Baltimore that the little singer found a partner for her first concert tour. This was Ole Bull, a Norwegian violinist, whose reputation was made and whose popularity was somewhat dying out, or so he thought.

So the old violinist and the little girl singer, the old and the young, went from city to city in the United States. And wherever they went the little queen was recognized.

In spite of the fact that her life was so different from that of most children, Adelina Patti was at heart just a healthy, normal little girl. She loved her music, as few children, and indeed very few older persons, love it. And next to this love for music was her love for dolls. She was not content unless her dolls went on the trip with her. A musician who was calling at her home in

New York wrote about her afterward and said:

"We were highly amused to see the air of importance with which the tiny songstress first selected a comfortable seat for her doll." The doll was close enough for Adelina to see her while she was singing. Before she started her song she said to the doll in French:

"Now, my pretty little one, listen while your mother sings you something pretty." I've no doubt that the doll was a most devoted listener.

One day when she was in Cincinnati for a concert she asked her manager to get her a doll. He forgot all about it. Just before the concert Adelina declared she would not sing unless she had her doll. The hall was crowded with people who had come to hear her, but that made no difference to the singer. She would not sing unless she had a doll. So the manager had to go out to the nearest toy store and buy a doll. As soon as it was handed to her she was happy. She went ahead with her concert.

A charming picture of the little singer was printed in a magazine many years ago. The story goes that Adelina Patti and Ole Bull were to give a concert in a Southern city. The day was one of those lonely rainy days and the little singer was getting rather homesick. Her manager went to a music store for something and there he saw two little girls playing with their dolls behind the counter. Thinking of the lonely little girl at the hotel he made friends with them. The children, with permission from their parents, skipped over to see the little girl.

Entering the room at the hotel their eyes met a strange sight. In the middle of the floor stood a tall gentleman with long, thick, gray hair with his eyes bandaged. Dancing about him was a slim little dark-eyed girl.

Upon seeing the little girls Adelina Patti almost forgot her grown-up playmate. The little visitors were bashful at first, but she was so happy to see them that they were



## AUCTION BRIDGE

IN A previous article attention was called to the difficulty of the position if the second hand doubled a suit bid and his partner had nothing as good as the suit named. In such cases it is very dangerous to leave the double in, as two by cards, at double value, will give the declarer game if it is a major suit.

The general rule seems to be that two stoppers in the suit are enough to justify going to no-trumps as an answer to the double, but, as already pointed out, these stoppers may depend on the suit's being led up to, and good players don't walk into traps like that if they can help it.

Here is a deal that went the rounds of a duplicate game which brings up this point, and which had all sorts of results in the score, according to what was done with the double, only one table refusing to double on A's cards:

♥ A 9 4 2	♥ 8 7 3
♦ K 9 4 2	♦ 10 5 3
♣ J 3	♣ 8 6 5
♠ 8 5 4	♠ A J 7 2
♥ K J 10 6	♥ 7 4 3
♦ A Q 8 7	♦ 10 5 3
♣ K 10 9 4	♣ 8 6 5
♠ 6	♠ A J 7 2

Z dealt and bid a spade. When A doubled, which he certainly has the cards to justify, two honors in each of the three other suits, Y passed, waiting to see what B would do about it.

At some tables B thought they could defeat the contract if A had a no-trumper outside of the spade suit, so he left the double in. This puts A in a bad way about the opening lead, as he has to pick some suit in which he does not hold two touching honors at the top. To avoid this, he led the trump.

Dummy put on the eight, to prevent B from passing. It is useless for B to duck, as dummy can come right along with the trumps. It is also useless to send a boy to the mill, so B put on the ace. He then led up to dummy's weak diamonds.

Z passed, and A found himself in the lead again. Not liking the diamond situation, he tried the small heart, which Z won and returned. Dummy made his ace, laid down the jack of diamonds, and then led a trump.

This allowed Z to pick up all B's trumps and make his two top diamonds. A is now down to the ace of clubs and two good hearts, and there is no way to stop Y from making the king of clubs, as Z can trump the hearts. This gives Z four by cards, doubled, netting him 415 points, for three over his contract.

This score calls attention to the danger of leaving a suit-double in. Even if the player does not make game, he gets 50 a trick for all over his contract and 50 for the contract itself. No matter what A opens, the result seems to be the same.

At one of the tables at which B took out the double with no-trumps we find the position that so often comes up: the refusal to lead up to two declared stoppers in the suit doubled. Z opened with a small diamond. If A puts on the king he is in the same difficulty as if he had the original lead, so he passed.

Dummy's jack held, and the spade came through. When B ducked, Z correctly read him for ace and jack and passed up the eight. As the

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*Complete Hoyle*, etc.

cards lie, it does not matter what B does, he cannot make more than one spade if Z plays well. On the second spade lead he put the ace and led a heart to dummy.

Y let the ten hold, thinking dummy would shift; but the king brought down ace and queen together. Another spade gave Z three tricks. Y playing the encouraging nine of clubs and the small diamond for his discards. Dummy had to let go the club queen to keep a guard on the diamonds, or else give up the best heart, a typical "squeeze" position.

The club, led in answer to Y's discard, put A in, and after making his club and heart he had to lose two diamonds. It seems astonishing that such a doubling hand, getting the bid wished for, no-trumps, should go down for three tricks.

The interesting play was when A said nothing to the spade bid and started with the ace of clubs. On this B played the ten, and as A read him for two more or no more, Z could have but one more, so A went along with the queen, to kill whatever club Z held. Rather a peculiar play!

Dummy led the trump, B put up the ace and led a heart, so as not to establish the nine of clubs; another peculiar lead, as the diamond seems more natural. Dummy let the ten hold, and A led another club, which dummy ducked and Z trumped. A small diamond was won by the king at once, saving game, and another club forced Z to over-trump B. Now

Here is the solution of Problem No. 46, given last week, in which there were no trumps, Z to lead, Y-Z to make seven tricks.

Z leads the jack of diamonds, won by B, who leads a heart, won by Z. The ace of spades forces a discard from A, and whichever suit he shortens, Z leads. If the discard is a diamond, Y wins three tricks in that suit at once, and A must either unguard the hearts or give up the best club, Z discarding the spade and the club.

If A discards the heart on the spade lead, Z makes two hearts, giving Y a club discard. On the second heart A will have to give up the best club, establishing the five for Z, or let Y make three diamonds.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 47

♥ Q 5	♥ 7 4 3
♦ 8 2	♦ J 8 4
♣ K	♣ 9
♠ A 5	♠ 10 9 3
♥ 10 8	♥ 7 4 3
♦ Q 7 5	♦ J 8 4
♣ K J	♣ 9
♠ K J 5	♠ 10 9 3
♥ 8	♥ 7 4 3

Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all seven tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

## School for Card Players

**AUCTION BRIDGE**  
Question—The declarer is leading clubs and the player on the left wins the trick, dummy and fourth hand playing simultaneously, one of them discarding a heart. The declarer gathers the trick, turns it down and places it in front of A, saying, "You got that one." A turns the trick up again and asks who discarded the heart. The declarer says it costs twenty-five points to look at a trick turned down, and that it is also too late to ask who played the cards. If this is so it would establish a revoke, as it was B who renounced, when he had a club.

Answer—It is only when the right-hand owners of the trick turn it down that it is too late to look at it again or to correct a revoke. A can turn the trick up, and ask B if he has no clubs, and B can correct the error.

Question—Z deals and bids no-trump. A doubles and Y says two hearts. B answers the double with two spades, which Z doubles. All pass and B makes two odd and the game, at double value. Y bets Z should have assisted the hearts, as he had three to the ace king. Z says it is Y's fault for not going on with the hearts, when Z could double spades. All Y had was five hearts to the queen ten, and ace of clubs.

Answer—Y is right. Z must know that the take-out, in the face of the double, shows at least five in suit. The double of two spades risks the game.

**EUCHRE**  
Question—Playing four hand as partners, Z deals and Y assists when A passes. The fourth player, B, says the assist forces the dealer to take it up and play alone. Is this the rule?

Answer—It is only in the large public games for charity that assists are not allowed. In straight euchre an assist bars a long hand, even if the dealer is willing to play alone.

**POKER**  
Question—Playing deuces wild, when called, A shows two tens, two deuces and a five, and calls it a ten full on fives. B then shows a king full of natural cards, whereupon A changes his call to four tens. B bets he cannot change.

Answer—B is correct. The holder of deuces is allowed to call them what he likes, but having announced his selection he must abide by it.

Question—Playing with the stripped pack, four low, A bets that it is easier to fill a straight than a flush although he admits that the flush is easier to fill in the full-pack game. How can this be decided?

Answer—With the full pack there are nine cards to fill the flush, and only eight to fill an open-end straight, being assumed that open-end straights are referred to. Therefore the odds are 9 to 8 in favor of the flush. In the stripped pack there are still eight cards to fill the straight, but only seven to fill the flush, so that the odds are 8 to 7 in favor of the straight.

**RUSSIAN BANK**  
Question—A bets that he is not obliged to play onto the foundations of his opponent's discard or stock pile, and that no stop can be called on him unless he fails to play from his own cards.

## Geneva Rendezvous of Fallen Dignitaries

NOWHERE in Europe are so many fallen dignitaries to be met as in Geneva and the resorts along the shores of its lake, writes the correspondent of The Westminster Gazette. For some months past, however, poverty-stricken princes and princesses, and even occasionally royalties unwilling to part with their crowns, not to speak of diplomats and other personages once highly placed, have been noticeable in this part of Europe. Savoy is specially sought out by fallen Russian dignitaries, who live in some wretched little inn at perhaps 8 francs (French) a day; and Savoy being in what is known as the "zone," they can have a special passport allowing them to go in and out of Geneva whenever they like. As a rule, they live just across the frontier. The reason why they cannot live on Swiss soil is that the Swiss exchange is so high and the French so much lower. Eight French francs is only just a little more than three Swiss francs.

Austrians, Germans and Turks who have fallen on evil days cannot get over the embarrassment of poverty so easily. The French authorities will not tolerate them in the Savoyan zone and they have to find shelter in some hovel or small, uncomfortable country inn on the shores of Lake Geneva, in Swiss territory, where they must pay for their pitiful existence in Swiss francs. Some of them, it is true, are trying to earn a living. Thus a Russian diplomatist whom I used to see in years before the war, and even during it, attending official receptions in gorgeous apparel and blazings with orders and decorations, is now endeavoring to make a livelihood by selling pictures. An Austrian diplomatist, who during the war used to motor about the Swiss capital in one of the finest cars in the country and stayed only in the most expensive hotels, I now see walking about Geneva literally in rags. At a little inn not far from Geneva I found one of the best-known Russian princes staying with his daughter—a little inn which certainly no one would have selected for comfort, nor even for any romantic qualities. All he could afford to pay was 15 francs a day for himself and daughter. Yet before, and even since the war, he lived in one of the finest hotels at Territet.

Many once wealthy Russians and others who had valuable jewelry and furs have, of course, sold these, and those who were fortunate enough to have some of their money in Swiss banks in francs can generally manage to live somehow. The majority, however, had their eggs all in one basket, and that basket Russia.

Some time ago a committee was formed to help some of the most distressing cases of Russian and other refugees, but the number of those requiring help was so great that its resources are now almost

exhausted. The hotel keepers in Geneva and along the lake shores have already often lost very heavily through continuing to keep some of these ex-dignitaries, who in some cases had been their guests for twenty years, and whom therefore they did not like to turn away. During the last part of the war, when the exchanges were falling, the hope was always held out and clung to that, once it was over, they would rise and then the heavy bills run up would be paid. Every one who guesses what has really happened. I know of one Genevese hotel in particular which has debts on its books amounting to 70,000 francs, due from these foreign princes and princesses, who were forever hoping to be able to pay them and never could.

Even some Austrians and Germans who once occupied high positions in their own countries, and who for political reasons cannot now return thither, are hanging around Geneva, not knowing how to make ends meet on the incomes or pensions they receive from home. Thus, a lady with three children, the widow of a once well-known statesman, regularly receives her 3,000 kronen a month. But this is now worth forty-five Swiss francs instead of 3,200. This lady has never been trained to do anything, and as her children are still young she still had jewelry or valuables to dispose of she disposed of them, but now she has to live on the charity of some friends.

Among these stranded and forlorn women, however, there are some who do make attempts to earn a livelihood, and the columns of the Swiss newspapers contain advertisements for positions as housekeepers, lady's companions, governesses and even housemaids, which tell a tale. The widow of a Swiss doctor advertised recently for a housemaid. In answer to her advertisement a woman appeared, evidently not a Swiss, who, when asked for references, could give none, as she had never been in a situation before, and when asked whether she had a permis de séjour replied that she had, but not with her. Yet there was something so pleasing about her that she was engaged, and not for some time was she discovered to be a once well-known countess, but belonging to one of the best Austrian families.

Many of the stranded aristocratic Russians in Switzerland were not supporters of the despotic Czarist system, and the reason why they used to live here before the war and continued doing so after its outbreak was that their political opinions were not those of the Czar's government. In a sense, therefore, they are martyrs. Although they could not live in Russia under the Czar their property was not confiscated. Under the Bolsheviki, however, it has not been spared, and they are accordingly now reduced to a destitution which they could hardly have foreseen.

soon laughing and playing. She kept them there all afternoon. She played she was taking their pictures. Then they played "opera." It was a wonderful day for the little girls, and for Adelina also. But her playmates did not know that they had been playing with a princess. They

simply thought that she was a nice little girl.

These days of being the baby princess of song were ended when Adelina Patti was finally crowned queen. She made her first successes in opera when she was still very young. Then for many years she

reigned as queen of the realm of song.

The entire story of this singer is told in *The Reign of Patti*, by Herman Klein, published by the Century Company. It is a book for grown-ups, but has much that young people will enjoy.

## A DESERT ROMANCE

By J. H. ROSNY-AINE  
Translated by  
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IT WAS a mere chance which introduced me as a guest into a venerable chateau, dating back to the time of the League. My visit there was due to an automobile breakdown.

The owner of the chateau and his chauffeur were in trouble in a clearing of Vangres forest, in Sologne. They were vainly trying to get their machine to go. But it had no idea of going. I was passing by in my modest 16-horsepower and offered my services. They consisted in bringing M. Sauveterre home, and he invited me to stay for luncheon.

The place was charming. From the terrace, laid out on the plateau of a hill, you could look in all directions over an ocean of trees, interspersed with open stretches of swamp land. The hostess evoked memories of the sultanas of the Thousand and One Nights, with her raven black hair, starred with topazes; her wide, dreamy eyes and her languorous suppleness. She was surely as fascinating as the most beautiful of the wives of Haroun-al-Raschid. I made some compliments of this sort to M. Sauveterre when we were left alone with the coffee and cigarettes.

"You mentioned the Thousand and One Nights," he said, contemplatively. "My story might well have been told to the savag chopper of heads from whom Scheherazade tried to win clemency."

"It was ten years ago. I was just finishing my military service when Captain Maringues, knowing my taste for adventure, offered to take me to Africa."

"Our expedition was a failure. After many tribulations we were attacked at night by a large force of Tuaregs, who killed the captain and all his European companions but me. I fainted from a wound and so escaped the massacre."

"When I came to my senses I was a captive. They carried me across country, following the course of a gigantic river. My wound was deep, but not very dangerous. It healed as best it could. The Tuaregs had sealed me on a méhari, with two blacks, also wounded, but who, when they recovered their strength, would make excellent slaves."

"The other blacks who had escaped the slaughter followed on foot, with little to eat or drink. The wounded weren't any better off in that respect, but they were spared from the horrible fatigue of marching in the sun."

"With the exception of two, who succumbed and were thrown to the crocodiles, we arrived in a Moroccan town, where they put us on sale. I was bought by an old eunuch, retired from his profession, who cultivated some millet fields, worked an ancient copper mine, now nearly exhausted, in which he had found a

small vein, and, besides, grew some date trees. He also raised camels, cattle and horses. He was enormously rich."

"The eunuch put me to handling the livestock. I myself preferred that. My master was hard but shrewd. When he saw that I learned the business rapidly and got along well with the animals (few of them under my charge ever died), he treated me with a little more consideration. At least he saw to it that I got enough to eat. 'A good slave and a good camel,' he used to say, 'ought never to work on an empty stomach.'"

"Naturally, I watched for an opportunity to escape. It came most unexpectedly. Among the animals on the place there was a tame lioness, which served to scare off the smaller beasts of prey and to discourage prowlers. She kept at a distance the leopards, the jackals and the hyenas. I imagine she would have been more lenient with other lions, but there were none in the district. I took pains to win this beast's friendship and succeeded to such a point that after six months she obeyed me blindly."

"I founded on her my hope of escaping. To reach the first European station I would have to face terrible dangers. I felt that the presence of the lioness would enable me to escape most of them."

"My resolution taken, I completed the animal's training. I could make her turn angry and violent and then quickly calm down again by signs or words of command. Moreover, I had taken especial care of a méhari, which also became attached to me. My escape was fixed for the end of October, a favorable time because the worst of the hot season was then over."

"We decamped—the méhari, the lioness and I—on a beautiful starry night. Everything went well. Some dogs trailed us a part of the way. But I was their friend and they finally turned back."

"We were already some kilometers from the farm and on the edge of the desert. I calculated that before morning we should have covered twenty leagues. Suddenly I saw before me a human figure, the figure of a woman. That could spoil everything. I was greatly upset."

"The woman drew near and raised her hands. I heard a silvery voice: 'Oh, Sidi, in the name of Allah, the one and only God, have pity on me. Take me to my tribe.'"

"I knew then that it was Fathma, like myself a captive, stolen from her people by raiding nomads. The eunuch expected to sell her at a good price, for she was beautiful. He was

only waiting until she should grow stouter, and he stuffed her with food. But her grief kept her thin."

"I should be glad to take you along," I said. "But if I bring you to your tribe, who will guarantee me my life and my liberty?"

"I swear by Allah, the one and only God, and by Mahomet, his prophet, that my father will cover you with blessings."

"Her eyes glittered between the upper and the lower eyelids."

"Come," I answered, moved by her misfortune and her youth, 'we will see about it.'"

"She mounted on the méhari, which trotted at a good pace till morning. Then we rested in a thicket, guarded by the lioness."

"Three hours passed. Fathma had ended by convincing me, because I loved adventure and also because one evening at dusk I had seen her face, which seemed to me one of the prettiest faces on earth."

"In short, I let myself be guided by her. We finally dismounted in an oasis where her people lived. She had told me the truth. Her father and the whole tribe, of which he was chief, received us with enthusiasm. I was their guest for as long a time as I wished to stay. And you can be sure that I was much in love with Fathma."

"I had to go at last, however, and when I spoke of it to the chief he expressed his regret and said: 'This oasis is yours. My house is your house. As long as I live I shall await your return. Oh, my son, what can I do for you?'"

"I confessed to him that I regarded his daughter as a treasure more precious than all the treasures of Arabia."

"Who else has a right to her, if the man who saved her life claims her? Oh, Sidi, think that Allah is the one and only God. It is my only regret that you are not yet persuaded of that."

"I believe," I said, "that there is only one God. And I do not refuse to give him the name which you give him."

"These words filled him with joy and hope. We were united, Fathma and I, according to the rites of Islam. Then a strong escort accompanied us through the desert to civilization."

"My hostess had reappeared, with two children, a boy and a girl, of whom the Greeks would have said that they resembled a god and goddess."

"Wasn't my adventure like the adventures in *The Thousand and One Nights*?"

"It has never ceased to be," I replied, looking at that charming young wife and those ravishing children. "I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear the muezzin announcing the hour of prayer from the highest tower of the chateau."